The COMMONWEAL

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Our State of Crisis

WHY IS THERE so little likelihood that the comprehensive program which Bernard M. Baruch outlined so authoritatively before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, January 19, will achieve realization? No one has manifested so sure a grasp of the prospects now confronting these United States, and few of our public figures could present a program based on a wider or more pertinent experience. Yet, impressed as they were with Mr. Baruch's audacity and vision, the members of Congress who received his proposals immediately led the ensuing questions into topics of a narrow scope and special interest. Even newspapers which might have been expected to give this veteran administrator the most wide and sympathetic hearing tended to probe for weaknesses in detail rather than assay the whole proposal.

The country simply is not ready to be swept up into a Work-for-Peace campaign. Partly because few of our public men display the vision of Mr. Baruch, who finds it tragic that "so few people see the connection between the things they do in their daily lives and the peace effort." How many Americans stop to think that actually "we have no peace today." That atomic war may be only a very few years off and the parallel imminence of chaos or communism throughout nearby Western Europe create scarcely a ripple here. We are willing to support a Marshall Plan against the Russians provided we do not appropriate a single million too much.

Mr. Baruch's proposal has the extreme merit of showing how everything is bound together: world recovery and the chance of peace; American economic strength and European stability; reversal of inflation and American strength; retention of taxes and present wage levels along with reduction and stabilization of farm prices; European economic and political union (including a stabilized currency) with an outright American military guarantee against aggression; all-out production here coupled with an unfailing market for foreign durable goods for the next five years as a prerequisite for hope in war-devastated lands; the necessity in such a program of priorities which should be decided, among other things, by an over-all General Staff for Peace. Perhaps Mr. Baruch has proportioned his package too symmetrically and wrapped it too colorfully and too neatly. But that should not confuse us as to the substance of his message. If any further persuasion is wanting at the climax of his long and distinguished career, there is the report on demobilization which Bernard Baruch issued in February, 1944, in conjunction with John M. Hancock; the ignoring of recommendations such as theirs has led to many of our domestic difficulties.

What will be the upshot of it all? At worst Mr. Baruch has had his day in Washington and on the front page; the stock market has taken his warnings seriously enough to register momentary alarm; and Mr. Baruch has made his penetrating statement for the record. That is something. But there is also a chance that where the issue is close the Baruch testimony will succeed in tipping the beam. Thus the appointment of an independent administrator for the European Recovery Program may now be assured; tax reduction may be halted and rent controls assuredly prolonged; and the decision on the Marshall Plan may be that much firmer. In any case, Mr. Baruch has performed a signal service.

Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai

"THIS KIND," the disciples were told, when they wondered why they were powerless to cast out an unclean spirit that dashed down the boy it tormented, so he foamed and gnashed his teeth and pined away, "can go out by nothing but by prayer and fasting." From the body of India, crying out, and greatly torn, Mohandas K. Gandhi has exorcised a terribly active devil. And he has done it, simply and uniquely, by prayer and fasting. And by faith. A threefold faith, in

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God, in the people of India to do the right thing if it is shown them, and in himself, in his own power to show them that right thing.

After 121 hours of fasting, Mr. Gandhi's physicians said that he was already "far from well" and he appeared frail and shriveled. Yet he decided to break his fast only when he had very tangible proofs that it had succeeded in its immediate object, the easing of communal tension. Nearly a quarter of a million persons signed the peace pledge presented to Mr. Gandhi, and at a late morning conference on January 18th Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, and some forty leaders of all communities, agreed to the seven very practical points of Mr. Gandhi's Peace Program. Yet all these points were concessions to the Moslem minority in India. In the twenty minutes of prayer preceding the solemn ending of the fast, Gandhi was joined by the agnostic Nehru and by the Moslem Minister of Education, Maulana Abul Kalma Azad.

Immediately the Indian Government gave an amnesty to all members of the Pakistan military forces facing criminal or court-martial charges since independence day (August 15, last) and, for its part, the Pakistan Government went on record to admit that the chances of communal harmony had been greatly improved by Gandhi's action. Two days later, both the Indian and Pakistan Governments announced that they were ready to accept mediation on all points at issue, by a U.N. committee of three.

The modern world is very chary of heroes: we want quickly to denigrate them, to find their soft underbelly, to prove they are really no better than ourselves, no better than the next man catching the 5:47 from Grand Central. We must pull them down and find Roosevelt a Fala; a cigar and a double brandy for Churchill; a goat for Gandhi. Indeed, Gandhi is the most obliging of all: he even looks like Mickey Mouse: small, withered, brown, farcically ugly, he invites and enjoys jokes about his fruit juices, his loin cloth, his spinning wheel, his long walks that leave pursuing reporters panting, his enemas. He is equally at home in the dirt-walled ashram where he lives or in the Birla Palace, where he goes to fast. And he tells us, in all humility, the secrets of his success: prayer, fasting, faith. Nor, in his long life, have they ever failed him. He has never once fasted in vain, nor has he ever been beaten, by whatever aspect of the whole force of evil he has been fighting: whether in himself, in his followers, in the British Empire, or in his own beloved country.

As a young lawyer, in South Africa, he gave up a position of great promise and a very ample income to fight for justice, and for the civic rights of his discriminated-against fellow subjects; throughout his life he has reiterated the same principles, continuously, monotonously, so that to read one of his weekly articles is to read everything he has ever written. And to read is to wonder who would dare spout such platitudes. Yet, this man who lives these platitudes, who practices them even more monotonously than he preaches, has succeeded, not once, but over and over again, where princes and politicians have failed.

It is even possible, that with the prestige of this single, peaceful hero behind it, the United Nations Organization may be able to achieve something permanently constructive, may possibly keep rolling the ball he has set in motion.

Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai—long may he live, to continue to prove to us all that the cradle songs were true, that honesty is the best policy, virtue its own reward, and that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that hath taken a city. For Gandhi has shown us, as did Belloc's 'nicest child'

> . . . what everybody could
> Become, by simply being good.

"The Militarization of America"

AN IMPOSING committee called the National Council Against Conscription, with Albert Einstein, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Arthur (TVA) Morgan and eighteen others signing their names, has issued a report, "The Militarization of America."

"One of the important safeguards of American democracy—civilian control—is rapidly disappearing. Not only are military men moving into key positions in government, but the Army and Navy are extending their influence into science, education and industry."

There is the question of fact, of whether "civilian control is (in fact) rapidly disappearing." For our money, the answer is no, and the evidence the Council brings is small and shaky, making their charge absurd in its disproportion. There are more ex-generals in more conspicuous positions than there used to be before the war. That seems normal, as it did after other wars. The big operation during the past decade was the World War. That business threw up some big operators and big names, who, in the biggest jobs in the world, obtained public prestige. (The P.R.O.'s were, it is almost certain, civilians in uniform to a man.) There were many steeper San Juan Hills in World War II. The old, almost invisible position of the military in American life was a blessing, a coincidence of history which was extraordinary and far from normal expectancy. Right now, the country is in a position of special peril, so that soldiers and sailors are naturally fairly far up front.

The historical vision of the Council seems dim in other respects too. They should not have called up the nightmare "pattern" of aggressive pre-war tyrannies. Nazism and fascism are not the products of "the Military." (Japan was an-

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other civilization; not ours—another era.) Neither is communism a work of armies. Totalitarianism and the historically present actuality and threat of tyranny are solidly civilian creations. Corporal Hitler and Marshal Stalin were neither one a soldier to challenge in the professional military sphere the many generals and privates whom they easily liquidated.

The objective effect of the propaganda of the "National Council Against Conscription" is most likely to be for appeasement of aggressive Russian communism. (Vote Henry Wallace!) It twists and hides history; it promotes an incorrect, sloganeering view of present national and international issues; it helps to paralyze the will and demoralize people who have a hard enough time keeping on their feet in the turbulence of the present atmosphere.

Treating the formless middle of the dark controversies about "we or they," defense and progress, America in the new world order, etc., etc., this kind of anti-military polemic seems to miss the sharpest points, where arguments could strike the hardest genuine problems. At one side is military organization and service as a technical problem: Is UMT really necessary, really suited to modern war? Who is to control any training for defense and to work that training into the pattern of full life, and how do it?

Then, at the other end, at the top side or deepest place, is the whole tremendous question of violence and non-violence—pacifism and the world that might go with it. The arguments of this group do not seem to approach that level. To a Gandhi, for instance, or to a Dorothy Day, these complaints about Secretary Marshall's former job, about federal support for scientific research, about the games which Boy Scouts play, must all seem rather remote from the meaning of faith and hope and charity. Power is not something to take and use and give nothing for in return. A policy of power, for offense or defense, involves place for power men and power organization all through the fabric of the state and society. And without power, how do our neighbors fare?

The Subversive Tourist

AT THE RITZ, in Paris, the house detective used to help, but even then you had to go yourself to the police, and when you got away from the fancy bars in Paris there was no one to help you avoid standing in line to get a visa on your *permis de séjour*, your *carte d'identité*, no matter what language it was printed in, and you stood in line in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, and no matter where you were, and even in Switzerland. The police would look at your papers as if they were counterfeit bank notes and sometimes the police could read. Before you were able to look at the cathedrals, the picture galleries, or the countryside, before you could swim in the lakes, the oceans, before you could climb the mountains, before you could drink the wines, the beers, if you were a visiting foreigner—even the most harmless of visiting foreigners, the American tourist—you stood in line with your hat in your hand and finally they would put a stamp on your papers and you would pay something and move on to the next town, the next country, and start all over again with the dumb, the inefficient, the bores of policemen. Every night before you went to bed in the hotel room you had to show your papers to the night clerk because the *service des garnis* or whatever it was in all the languages of Europe would be there in the morning to check up. Then this information went into the files, and when they looked there to find where the spy had spent the night they never found out because the spy always had a false name and false papers; they would catch only the naïve murderer who had killed his girl out of despair and who did not care whether they caught him or not and so had shown his own papers, signed his own name.

The American tourist always said the same thing to the police, and to anyone else who would listen to him. He said this is quaint, this is European, this is a nuisance, this does not happen at home. At home you can get into a car and drive, unquestioned, across the continent, or up and down, or round the continent. At home no one asks you who you are—even if you speak with an accent. At home the police do not bother you until you break a law. At home you sign a book when you take a room for the night, but no one cares what you sign. At home, at any given moment, half the nation is touring the nation away from home, anyway.

That is what we said, but this is what we now are doing. We are making new regulations for alien visitors. These new regulations are designed to keep a closer check on persons "suspected of subversive activity." If the alien visitor promises to stay put in one place he may have a visa good for six months. Previously it was good for a year. But, if he wants to move about, then the visa will be good only for three months. He must report regularly to the Immigration Authorities, who will be "expected to keep a watchful eye continually on persons coming into the country and to take steps if necessary."

That is one way of making America look like Europe. It is a start. We are inaugurating the policy of the "watchful eye"—just the way they had it in Europe. We may not have the dome of St. Peter's or the Eiffel Tower, but we are going to have the "watchful eye." We are going to "take steps if necessary" to keep ourselves safe from subversive tourists and, by taking the same steps that the European nations took, we shall succeed as the European nations succeeded—that is, not at all.

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Apprehensions in 1945

Notes written before the end of the war in a diary not intended for publication

Dorothy Thompson

BEING ILL of a cold and confined to bed, and thus isolated for these few days, I picked up Spengler's "Decline of the West," and found in the last pages these words: "World Peace involves the private renunciation of war on the part of the immense majority, but along with this it involves an unavowed readiness to submit to being the booty of others who do not renounce it. It begins with the state-destroying wish for universal reconciliation, and it ends in nobody's moving a finger as long as misfortune only touches his neighbor. . . . On this spiritual premise a second Vikingism develops. The state . . . passes from nations to bands of adventurers, self-styled Caesars, seceding generals, barbarian kings and what not, in whose eyes the population becomes, in the end, merely a part of the landscape."

Spengler, who believed that this "Vikingism" or "Caesarism" is the inevitable final political expression of Late Civilizations, a stage which Europe was rapidly approaching, was a gloomy deductive philosopher of history, but not without powerful prophetic gifts—nor without a distinct influence on nazism, which counted him among its forerunners, though he repudiated it himself.

But these aspects of "World Peace" which he described in 1917 have certainly manifested themselves in our times. There is a direct connection between the Oxford Movement, with its "state-destroying" negation of king and country, and other idealistic expressions of the all but universal between-wars pacifism, and Munich, with its delivery of a small country up to booty for the sake of world Peace, paving the way directly for the outbreak of "Vikingism" among Spengler's own Germans. He characterized this Vikingism or Caesarism as "That kind of government which, irrespective of any constitutional formulation it may have, is, in its inward self, a return to thorough formlessness."

It initiates wars of unlimited objectives and ends in universal and private civil wars—and ruin.

The question of our times is whether, with the suppression of German and Japanese Caesarism this development in the world will be called to a halt. I wish I were convinced that it would be. I wish I were convinced, for instance, that the plans for World Peace as embodied in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals would bring about a stabilization of states and honorable relations between them, under an implicit, if not written, Law of Nations, restoring or creating a society of nations, in equilibrium and poise.

Unfortunately such insight and intelligence as I possess do not support this most powerful wish that any civilized being can have. Every symptom indicates, rather, an acceleration toward the universalization of that formless imperialism which, in the name of universal peace, tramples the earth under conquerors who are all going somewhere for no understandable purpose.

One hesitates to write and publish such observations, for it is impossible to see what purpose can thereby be served. If the observations are correct and correctly interpreted, it would seem that recognition would not change events nor divert the course of history. Why not let "the people" cherish as long as they can their optimism. "If ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise."

If, however, one is not sufficiently ignorant of history to be blissful, and is trained to observation as a habit, one may put down for one's own wisdom what would be folly to submit to other eyes, in this moment at least.

It is already quite clear that the minds that theoretically mold and reflect public opinion, and represent the contemporary culture, have no influence whatever on policies. The British House of Commons, the American Senate, the press, the universities, the churches, are all reduced, in fact, to voting or withholding confidence, and saying yea or nay. An example of this was a conference called in New York this winter by the State Department.. The leading publishers, editors, editorial writers and commentators of the newspapers, reviews, journals of opinion, magazines and major radio networks, were invited. A dais had been arranged, at which sat the Secretary of State, the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Leo Pasvolsky who is reputed to have been a leading mind in

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framing the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, and other Department functionaries. The audience was composed of some two hundred persons, all of them in positions of considerable public influence and some of them men who had devoted lifetimes to the study of international affairs. The State Department functionaries, dividing the task between them, set forth in detail the provisions of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. This was largely a waste of breath, for it is hardly conceivable that there was a person in the room who had not thoroughly studied the proposals, weeks before, at the time of their first publication. At the conclusion of the exposé, the audience were invited to submit questions in writing, which were then sorted out for the secretary or his assistants to answer.

Under such a procedure discussion was, of course, out of the question. The publicists were entirely on the receiving line. The State Department was doing a "selling job," of an opinion and a policy already made and unamendable. There was no apparent wish nor inclination of the cabinet officials to entertain doubts, suggestions, or strictures of any kind, nor even to ascertain, through these foci of the public mind, what the public mind on the proposals might be. The object of having written questions was obviously to furnish the proper answers, which the publicists could then pass on. It was a weird performance, the more so because none of the functionaries seemed to find it strange or remarkable, while judging from their faces and from conversations afterward, the audience either accepted the implicit demeaning of their function, or treated it with cynical and amused contempt.

The right of the public to accept or reject remains, but not the right to modify, amend or co-create. Thus, in creating the pattern of the future relations between nations, a matter of the most profound importance to every living soul, opinion is reduced to a rubber stamp; there is a counting of heads but no creation of consensus. The public—including its historians, political scientists, moral guardians, students of international affairs, practical organizers, and minds in general—are reduced to propagandists or opponents; the issue is not "What kind of peace structure," but yes or no to the only permissible peace structure—permissible, because three governments, without benefit of popular legislative or advisory bodies, have decided so. And the argument is: Take it—with the promise of peace, or leave it—with the certainty of war. So everyone must stand and be counted as for or against sin.

If, however, the public having chosen the "right" against the "wrong," find a very short time from now that the way of Dumbarton Oaks leads only to more and more atrocious Munichs —peace through the compulsion of the defranchised to become the booty of the fully-ensuffraged —in other words, to a series of Caesaristic crimes, where then will lie the public responsibility?

I submit that the question of guilt for the outcome of public policies is no longer academic or theological. All plans for the punishment of "Germany" assume the responsibility of all Germans for the acts of their government. It is no longer enough that national crime should bring its own punishment in the woes inevitable to "him from whom the offense cometh." Whole peoples (through their governments) now sit in judgment on the guilt of other peoples, and hunger, unemployment, deportation and enforced labor are meted out to individual persons because they did not "rebel" because, precisely, they rubber-stamped their governments' policies. The matter becomes an intimate and personal one for me. I, personally, under the logic of personal responsibility for every government act, am a participant in the partition of Poland and the partition of Germany. I personally am guilty of the possible results in the future of mass deportations of helpless Poles and Germans whose "crime" was to have supported the "wrong" government. For my government has not rebelled. What my government could not endorse it has averted its eyes from. And my government is *I*. If what my government has decided—in a series of conferences, where arguments must have been advanced whose weight I cannot gauge, and compromises reached, for reasons unexplained—brings in its train, not justice, but oppression, and not peace but perpetual wars, I, a simple citizen, am prejudged as guilty.

A characteristic of this remarkable coupling of a minimum of public participation with a maximum of public responsibility is that the national leadership in all the Great Powers feels no compulsion to advance any reasons whatever for its acts.

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To be specific—although many of the questions sent up to the State Department functionaries dealt with the absolute power which the Dunbarton Oaks proposals puts in the hands of the Council, with the failure of the proposals to create any representative law-making body, with the odd off-side position of the International Court, and with the glaring inequalities of the small powers, separate or even united, vis-a-vis the Great, none of the State Department members found it necessary (or possible?) to present any arguments *in reason,* for this sort of structure. One misses on every occasion that "decent respect to the opinion of mankind" which once marked the advocacy of public policies. One misses any echo of Hamilton's sedate stricture on his own advocacy of the

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Constitution in the Federalist Papers, submitted neither "to blind approbation nor blind disapprobation, but to that sedate and candid consideration which the magnitude and importance of the subject demand, and which it certainly ought to receive."

In "selling" the Constitution of the United States to the people of America, Hamilton, Madison and Jay expended eighty-seven essays of extraordinary thoroughness, exploring every alternative, explaining every reason for the general structure and its details, tracing historical precedents, exposing historical warnings, the essays altogether comprising one of the most compelling invitations to public thought, and one of the most remarkable documents of political science and philosophy. President Roosevelt, apropos the proposed world organization, remarked on several occasions that, like our Constitution, it will be amended in the process of growth. He omitted to say that the American Constitution was repeatedly amended in the process of being; that it was publicly debated point by point, for months; that encyclopedic minds of a caliber immeasurably above those of any of the functionaries that have worked on the Dunbarton Oaks proposals, not matched in this country's government since, and doubtfully anywhere else, worked over the Constitution exposing every facet to reason and realism; while small conferences of great power "experts" organized a blueprint for the world (in the absence of representatives of a large share of it), apparently seeking to emulate the Creator and throw it together in seven days!

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It is characteristic of the retreat of mind and reason, before the "reality" of power—in other words, characteristic of the collapse of culture as a social and political force—to make hasty decisions, experiment by rule of thumb, and seek "agreements," while avoiding principles, and to forge, as Mr. Churchill said before Commons in defending Yalta, "only one link in the chain of Destiny." But it is impossible to forge a sound link in any chain without knowing beforehand how long the chain must be, for what purposes it must be used, and without calculating what strains it must be designed to bear. The "links" forged at Casablanca (Unconditional Surrender, which turned out to mean putting no conditions upon ourselves), Cairo, Teheran and Yalta cannot be woven together with the eight previous links of the Atlantic Charter, so heyho, we will start another chain! Again, no leadership thinks it necessary to explain why the new chain instead of the old one! The explanation is that we are going to move gradually to the realization of the Atlantic Charter by moving rapidly in the opposite direction. It does not make sense, but the frightening symptom of intellectual chartlessness is that there is not even an attempt to make it seem to make sense, a sure indication that the leadership feels no demand for sense, emanating from the led.

And they are correct. The slogan of the Peace is that the Big Three must get on together. If anything, however irrational, or however by traditional standards immoral, serves the purpose of cementing relations between the Big Three, then it is justified, for what is at stake is the greatest good: Peace.

Thus to question the various faits accomplis occurring in this war or even too closely to describe them, takes on the nature of an *attentat* against Peace, that world peace which the majority of all men so deeply desire, but which—how very extraordinary—seems unable to sustain the searching light of reason, or standards which might be described as moral.

Or, for that matter, of any standards at all.

The whole disposition of Poland and/or Germany cannot be defended by *any* rationale, ethnographic or historical. It is an act of naked force.

The public—the human mind—is expected to accept the disposition of Poland, involving much of Germany, without any reference to what is to happen to the rest of Germany, or to Europe as a whole, and to begin to set up instruments for "enforcing" peace. Against whom? Poland? Should rebellion against decisions made without her consent be interpreted as aggression? The intellectual leadership of our nation is warned against raising any questions now "because we are at war," and questions might create disunity, while, at the same time, we are warned not to urge postponement of decisions until after hostilities, because that might give our enemies a chance to revive. Though on the eve of complete military victory, at least in Europe, the entire public mind is thus stalemated by fears, no one wants to take responsibility for "rocking the boat," even though the boat may seem, to some of us, to have full steam up in the direction of a highly armed and explosive, formless, aimless "Vikingism"—Hitlerism, to use a more communicative word.

There is something further I must record about this state of, or absence of, or abdication of mind. It is fearfully analogous to the reactions of the German intelligentsia to Hitler's foreign policies. There, too, the concern for Peace worked to restrain all criticism and evoke an anxious, worried consent, even without the naked or veiled force later applied. It is now almost forgotten that every one of Hitler's foreign policies was presented to the people, and in particular to the estates comprising the intellectual leadership, as directed toward Peace. His pre-war speeches can be searched in vain for any threats of war.

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Rearmament was presented as adequate defense and bargaining power—"national freedom"; pressures on small countries were to end "anarchy" and create a New Order, peaceful through Power. Munich was a Three Power Agreement to keep the Peace, which, it was held, was threatened by the stupidly recalcitrant small states. "Small State Threatens the World" was a huge headline in the Nazi press at the time of the Czech crisis. Czechoslovakia was represented as a "cancer" eating into the body of the peace of the Powers. There, too, was the concept of World Peace resting on the willingness of some to renounce war and become the booty of others who would not. Poland, as it happened, was the recalcitrant who refused to save the Munich Three Power peace by the sacrifice of herself. A small state, and one quickly suppressed (in the interests, of course, of Peace), but nonetheless the straw that split the alliance of the powers. Thus the public mind, in Germany, avid, like the mind of the twentieth-century world, for Peace—at one moment for Peace through abdication, at the next for Peace through Power—and fearful, like our own, to "rock the boat," resigned to any reaction to or responsibility for policies which it knew only as slogans.

Berlin, Paris and London were delirious over the "Peace" of Munich. It lasted just a year. Yet I cannot see now that it differs in essential concept from the Peace of Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco, or Potsdam.*

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In each case three Great Powers agreed not to fight each other, while *not* agreeing to disarm. (In the United States the government is calling for post-war peacetime universal military service for the first time in the history of the nation.) It is analogous to Chamberlain's Peace for Our Time—plus rearmament. The condition for continued agreement before and after Munich was the recognition of certain Great Power rights and necessities, not to be achieved, however, unilaterally. The Anschluss with Austria was permissible and the possible opposition of the Austrians unimportant. In fact, and in Hitler's argumentation, opposition from Austria, or later Czechoslovakia, would have been an act of *aggression*, a breach of *the Peace*. The Runciman Report, one of the most fantastic "Peace" documents of modern times, was calculated to put the Czechs in the position of aggressors, if they threatened the Peace by *resisting* the disintegration of their state. At the same time, certain "guarantees" were offered for Czech security. Does no one remember that Britain and France guaranteed the frontiers of the truncated Czech Republic? The Nazis—does no one remember—conducted their press campaign, not against the Czech state, whose "freedom and independence" they, too, promised—once the German national territory (never belonging to the latter-day German Reich) had been "restored." All they insisted on was a "friendly" government in Prague —and the removal of Dr. Benes.

Is not this story familiar, and more modern, even, than 1938?

The haste of Britain and France to offer treaties of alliance to Poland and Rumania after the German occupation of Prague can only be interpreted as a warning to the German partner not to take "unilateral" action. It did not mean that the Germans must give up, once and for all, any claims to Danzig or on Poland. It did mean that there must be *agreement*. The press campaign of the Nazis during this period in support of the "friendly British government" of Chamberlain obviously indicated conviction that Germany might—given continuation of the private and personal relations between the Big Three—be able again to jump the gun. In fact, the importance of such private and personal contacts is characteristic of this whole modern diplomacy. The Big Three are three temporary heads of states, not states as represented through their continuing and traditional foreign offices. The mouthpieces of one state warn the people of a partner state against changes of government which might affect the existing friendly relations. There was no Britain for Hitler without Chamberlain, no Italy without Mussolini, as there was no Britain for Stalin with Chamberlain, and no Poland with Sosnowski.

But Hitler jumped the gun *too soon*, even for the British public, whose passion for peace had been stimulated by the digging of trenches in Kensington Gardens. The unfortunate treaty of alliance with Poland, which might, it was hoped, not have had to be kept, if Hitler had been willing to allow a "decent" time to elapse before his next move; and if instead of a "unilateral" decision, Britain could have found another Runciman; and if Hitler had been unable to conclude a mutual non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union—all the "ifs"—now had to be put into effect. Yet, I believe that the documents will one day reveal that during the whole first year of the war secret attempts were made to restore the original Big Three Relations.

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The rehearsal of this so recent history is purely for purposes of analogy. Poland is again the first sacrifice to World Peace of the second set of Big Three Powers. She will certainly not be the last. The chief postulate of Dumbarton Oaks was that

* The two last meetings occurred after these notes were written.

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none of the five Great Powers, three in reality, two as Honorary members, may be compelled to live within any restrictions. "To use force against a Great Power is to launch the third world war." That is hardly arguable—it is a recognition of Fact, compelled by the un-self-deceiving Russians, in a world where facts are otherwise concealed under a most unfactual "realism." But it would be well to consider a few other facts, too. If no compulsion can be used against Great Powers, against whom and what is compulsion designed? Is it feared that the Czechoslovakias (or Polands or Germanys) of the world will again threaten the Peace of the Powers? In the vacuums of power it is feared—obviously—that disturbances may arise. Therefore the Great Powers must hold together mutually to suppress rebellions, revolts, changes of government (from "friendly" to "unfriendly") new alignments of small states with each other, etc., all such unnamed "potential aggressions." And the small states are to preserve the peace of the world, by their readiness to renounce war in behalf of those who will not renounce it.

But this very pacifism, by force, is what is most likely to lead to Big Power clashes through punitive expeditions starting private wars that will then develop into larger conflagrations. It is almost a recipe for making Europe, especially, a perpetual battleground, of armed interventionisms and ideological conflicts—endless, and in essence, aimless.

Already the World Peace concept—based on the premise of the Big Three Alliance—has shipwrecked every truly constructive idea to restore order and stability to European civilization. In 1943, Winston Churchill proposed the creation of a Council of Europe and a Council of Asia. But this, as well as the concept of European federations, actively promoted early in the war by intelligent publicists and reasonable men of some historical consciousness, has fallen victim to the Great Power Peace. The growing ruthlessness of intention to destroy Germany utterly, as a civilization, an economy, and a culture, thus giving the coup de grace to Hitler's own nihilistic Caesarism, has its roots, again, in the fear of a breach of World Peace—a division between the powers—Germany as a possible future bone of contention. In order that there may be Peace and Order, in a global sense, there may be no peace or order in any other sense!

But order of the Globe can only be the order of its parts.

★

That a constructive solution for Europe, holding some promise at least of the restoration of order, stability, and dignity, is a prime necessity for the peaceful and secure existence of 350 million once highly civilized folk, was obvious to every rational Englishman and American five years ago. One heard no other opinion in England, at any rate, from any person worthy of respect.

But even the concept that there *is* a European civilization is now rejected in all the "plans" for a defeated Italy, defeated Germany, and—if we are truthfully to reflect the current attitude—defeated France. When the Czech Foreign Minister, Jan Masaryk, spoke of Czechoslovakia as a bridge between the Soviet Union and Western civilization he was sharply rebuked in the Moscow press. "Russia *is* Europe," was the reply—which is geographical fact, and cultural nonsense. Russia has shared none of the traditional developments of Europe, neither the experience of Rome, the Epoch of Papal rule, the Reformation, or the Middle Class revolutions. But to speak of unifying Europe is to "threaten the Peace." Europe lies between the Big Three, in whose hands are "World Peace," and her revival, it is feared, might threaten the equilibrium. Even France, weak and exhausted as she is, might upset the applecart! Europe might "orient herself" in this direction or that—Eastward or Westward—or might revive to take on a hitherto uncharted life of her own, an uncalculable and therefore disturbing development. The answer is Nihilism in Europe for the sake of Order among the Big Powers.

★

Thus an utterly destroyed and truncated Germany, reduced to a Balkan material level, an Italy reduced to colonial level, a France which has not, in fact, been a Great Power since 1871 and can be snubbed at will, with the smaller states striving to re-establish themselves with a demoralized economy and civilization all around them, is the picture which will confront us—a terrible decay, balkanization, decadence and poverty, bound to be given over to social convulsions, forced and voluntary migrations, struggles and violence, separatisms, throwing up petty contenders with "revolutionary" followers—in short, a grand scale Macedonia of Comitaji politicians, a perpetual devils brew of desperatism and desperadoism, which the last European bastion of civilized law and order, Britain, may not endeavor to organize or lead. For it would menace the Peace—which Russia could only hold with naked force, and which the United States is unable to understand; open to interventions by foreign controled parties, crossed and rent by "ideological" conflicts of armed bands, helpless against any future conqueror, and an instrument, nevertheless, of "World Peace"—for just as long as she fails to recuperate, or a conqueror resists the eternal temptation which her helplessness will afford.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

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Priest in Prison

HENRI PERRIN

The Germans did not allow priests in the labor camps in Germany to which so many Frenchmen were sent. A group of young French priests, hastily trained as mechanics, went anyway. The following extract from the journal kept by one of them gives his experiences after he was thrown into prison on a trumped-up charge of sabotage. It is taken from "Priest-Workman in Germany," by Henri Perrin, S. J., translated by Rosemary Sheed, which will be published in February by Sheed and Ward.

JANUARY 7.

HOURS of peaceful waiting. Nothing happened: it became clear that I would not be set free today. The later it got, the more I realized how far my imagination had run to make me believe that I must be set free today. *Drei Viertel Einbildung*—"Three quarters imagination"—that was sometimes true in the spiritual life as in many other things. How could I have believed that I need only say, "Lord, Lord," for the gates of the prison to open! Of course the inspector had promised. . . . But why should I go by the word of an inspector, above all, a German inspector. "God knoweth the day and the hour." When, oh when, would these words be enough for me?

I suddenly recalled Père Charmot's saying to me shortly before I left: "You are a lucky dog, my dear fellow. It would be pretty rotten if, when so many are called to give their lives, there were no Jesuits in the fight. And if you are ever put in prison, you'll be one of the few who have had the joy of bearing that for Christ." . . . "Lucky dog." . . . Those words pursued me; if I had anything to complain of, it was certainly not the length of my detention. I had been here a month—and what is a month in a lifetime? A mere month in prison: why if I told them that in France, they'd think it merely funny. "What is a month in prison?" especially for a priest, a Jesuit! Even the poorest breach of the law will get a man two months.

I must have no more of this hanging on from day to day. I simply didn't know when I should leave here. Therefore I must organize myself and my work as if I had time ahead of me—weeks and months. There was work to be done—from the ground up—on my companions who literally needed to be evangelized, taught the good news; I must work on my languages—studying German from what newspapers I could find at work, and Russian from Nikita. I must seek for any conceivable contact with other prisoners whom I might meet at work. I really must begin a completely new life. I scratched a calendar on the wall for all the days and months till June! I did not know what date Easter would be, and didn't dare to think about it seriously yet. Each day I marked the date by a heart with a cross above it, like the one Père de Foucauld carved everywhere. I would do it in memory of this day, undoubtedly the turning point of my captivity. "Accept and receive, Lord, all my liberty. . . ."

★

JANUARY 14.

FOR a week I had been really working at my Russian. Nikita was only too willing to teach me—an hour in the morning, an hour in the evening. In this way he had already taught me a hundred and fifty words which I divided up into categories, litanies, which I had time to repeat at any hour of the day. Sometimes when we got in line for the *calefactors* to give us water or soup, I decided to announce the cell number and the number of prisoners, not in German, but in Russian: "Szexdsiesista piata kamera—Cztery Czlovieka—cell sixty-five, four men." They were gradually getting to feel that I was one of them. In the evening we often said the *Our Father* in Polish, and when it was Nikolai who said the prayer, he had his own way of saying it. I suppose he had gradually recalled the formulas taught him by his mother. After that we always shook hands and said good-night in Russian. In order to maintain a strong hope that we'd be set free one day I adopted as a greeting the great refrain of the Russian Easter Mass: "Kristos voskressie—Christ is risen." That became the pendant to the "Grüss Gott" I said to the Germans. Nikita was now beginning to teach me some verbs, but it was very difficult, as they seemed not even to have the same moods and tenses as ours. At the same time, he was teaching me to write Russian—since the prison administration had been good enough to give us old bills that were almost white instead of rough toilet paper!

Our work was such as to enable us to have long conversations, and we talked as long as possible—he about Russia, I about Christ and the Church.

From the first, Nikita and Nikolai had shown how proud they were of their country, especially by comparison with Germany, where the shortage of food shocked them. To hear them, one would have thought there had been no such thing as food cards in Russia, except for a few special things, and that they had as much bread, butter, sausage and vodka as they wished. They were proud of the régime and of Stalin. They agreed in praising his friendliness and simplicity—and the friendliness and simplicity of the other leaders of the country when they received groups of workmen visiting the capital on their holidays. They knew little of the war since they had left their country at the very beginning. I noticed, however, that a great deal of Russian military

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vocabulary was literally translated from French. (Likewise a great many technical and administrative terms, *posta, restaurant,* and, above all, *velociped,* meaning bicycle.)

I got information about economic and social life from Nikolai which I could verify by asking Nikita. Their statements confirmed all I had heard elsewhere of the extreme standardization of Russian industry, one town or one region making coats or shoes for the whole country. The quality of their thick jackets seemed amply to justify their disdain for the badly made German products, for they had been wearing the same clothes for two or three years, under the hardest conditions. The system of payment did not seem to be the same as elsewhere. The worker would get little enough money, but would be paid in coupons with which he could procure certain provisions such as sugar, and especially such things as clothing and shoes. (Indeed, with this payment by coupon, I think the state had a far more powerful control over foodstuffs than with ration cards.) At the end of the year, the workers who had done best would receive certain rewards in kind, such as a bicycle, or an extra pair of shoes. I don't think they went as far as a camera or a radio, which were still rare objects there. They had a month's holiday with pay—even two months', Nikolai said, for those under eighteen. It was also he who told me that for paid holidays the workers received books of coupons which enabled them to go and enjoy themselves on the beaches of the Crimea, or to visit the capital and go to restaurants, swimming pools and cinemas free, by simply presenting their cards. But I had no way of checking up on Nikolai's information about this. Only on one point was the information I got unsatisfactory—lodging. The country districts still seemed to suffer from housing shortages, and I don't think that it was at all comfortable for the mass of people. The question of housing would come in Russia's gigantic construction program, but not yet. There were, one imagines, other more urgent jobs.

It seemed undeniable that the Soviet Experiment had already met with relative success, even in cultural matters. I am not referring here to the élite (scientific researchers, etc.), whose worth is well-known, but to ordinary people. You might think that success was not difficult, knowing what they had to work on. But it must be realized that it is an enormous thing to have given the mass of a nation an interest in behavior in twenty years. The other day Wladislas had dropped his cap on to the table. Nikolai seized it and threw it violently into a corner, shouting: "Schwein Polack. Ohne Kultur. You Polish swine, you've got no manners." But you must realize that Nikolai was a ruffian of the first water. My two Russians never stopped praising Russian music and singing, although they both sang abominably. But there I could easily believe them. Anyhow, their admiration was more for the thousand members of the Moscow Orchestra than for any choral delicacy. Not that you could blame them for it. I got the impression of a "primary school" culture, and in that remark there is praise as well as criticism.

The great organization for cultural effort was evidently the Komsomols (*Kommounistitcheskii soyouz molodeji,* in which young people of seventeen to twenty-seven banded together under the direction of the Party. That was truly the soul of the country; it did not merely spur the national effort at industrial production, but stimulated the whole country with theatrical, sporting and cultural displays. One of their songs, which the soldiers in cell 7 were always singing, urged all Komsomolians to rise up and carry the revolution into the countries of the far-flung West. . . . But Nikolai and Nikita had left Russia too soon to know the Komsomols themselves. They had only belonged to the Red Pioneers, groups of young people under seventeen. Every centre of any size had a house for young people directed by a party member (other than the teacher) where the youth of the place met and trained. There were the Young Pioneers' sports, theaters, singing, dancing, cinemas, lectures, libraries—they had everything. Nikita seemed to have loved it. He had read there books translated from the French, from Perrault's Fairy Tales to Victor Hugo's *"Notre Dame de Paris."* At sixteen he had begun the first volume of Marx's *Kapital,* but he admitted to having fallen asleep reading it! Their films, on the other hand, were of entirely Russian inspiration . . . partly, I suppose, propaganda about the prowess of the country's heroes and scholars (or so one would gather from their delight in talking of their great men). Nikolai declared that he had been sent to Moscow as a reward for certain distinctions he had won in the Young Pioneers—but Nikita told me not to believe him, for in other conversations when I wasn't there he had boasted of being nothing but a thief at Rostov. However, Nikita told me of the existence of houses, public nurseries, schools and colleges splendidly built and equipped where the government trained up perfect specimens of the Communist régime, the élite of the future, from the cradle to maturity.

There were, however, dark spots in the picture. I was anxious to know why Nikita had suffered so much when he was about eight. He told me one day when Nikolai was out at work. He had been living happily with his father and mother and his sisters. They had their little farm and property, and then came collectivization. A lot of Ukrainians and others were against it, and even now they admitted that it was far from be-

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ing complete; in fact, they were even saying that Stalin might announce that it was being given up. Be that as it may, in 1933 Nikita's father was against collectivization of the land. He was killed and his family dispossessed. They tried to persuade the widow to start a lawsuit against the murderers, but she always refused, saying that God was her only aid, and He would know the best thing to do. In 1938, when they thought the affair had been long forgotten, a policeman came to find the widow one day, and brought her before a tribunal which gave a decision against her husband's murderers. It was a bit late, but at least it meant that she and her children could resume a more or less normal life—beginning with a home, which they had not had since 1933. As I understood it, Nikita's family had, when he left them, two rooms in a small house. I discovered, too, that Nikita realized that all who for one reason or another did not fall in with the régime were automatically deported to Siberia.

The only thing which could now make him question the régime was the struggle against religion. He spoke at great length of his mother, of the hours she spent teaching him his catechism and prayers as a child, of her great faith, and of her silent grief to see all she had done for him fade away among the Young Pioneers. He told me about the popes and convents of Kiev, and of the peasants' struggle to keep their religion. Everything possible was being done to make the churches and popes gradually disappear. In his part of the country, there were none left by now. People were not absolutely forbidden to come together to pray, but it was far from easy. And of course, especially in the Young Pioneers and the Komsomols, they succeeded in completely turning the youth away from all religion, by mocking and abusing it, and most of all by interesting them in other matters.

We tried to pray together, and Nikita once more began to find God. Imagine my delight when he told me one morning that the day he left prison he would go to Confession and Communion in the Russian church in Leipzig. I spent hours telling him about Christ's "Young Pioneers" in France, the J.O.C., the J.A.C., our Puy pilgrimage. It touched a spark in him. With three months' living as a freeman in his part of the Ukraine, driving along his tractor from one end of the field to the other, Nikita might, please God, be a magnificent Jacist militant. . . . Would this dream ever come true?

There was a Rover scout, a "tough" from Villeurbanne, of Armenian origin, who had been called up to work in a factory of fifty thousand workers near Merseburg and this man, annoyed by the bourgeois ways of the French Catholics around him, had devoted himself entirely to helping the Russian prisoners of war in a nearby camp, and spent all his evenings with them. They won his heart with their friendliness, and he told us that he had decided not to return to France when the war was over, but to follow his compatriots to the east, and work there to win them back to Christ. Many others were looking eastwards, too. Should we be able to go there one day preaching Christ? I think that we would have a marvelous harvest. One thing was certain: that no priest *could* work over there without being a worker, too—a technician, either manual or intellectual, but he must have some job. Once again, you come up against the problem of the priest-workman. We should have to work with our hands to be accepted in Russia, and perhaps elsewhere, too.

I dreamt of going with Jacques, with our Armenian—taking a whole team of militants, deeply united in Christ, working together, and so increasing the results tenfold, fully realizing that community which so many Russians were seeking so passionately. What a marvelous thing it would be if we could be ready beforehand, if a few teams—each made up of a priest and a few Rovers or Jocists—were able to form now,and to mingle with the deported Russians here, ready to follow them to their country on the day of liberation. . . . Why shouldn't we arrive for once, before the battle is over?

I'm Going to Ask Her

SHANNON DOYLE

I'M GOING to ask her to marry me. Nothing odd about that if you love a girl, perhaps. But my withholding statement for 1947 came in the pay envelope the other day. It showed that I made $2,446.52 last year. And when people are talking about the latest Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, calling for some $3,000 a year for bare subsistence, I cannot help but think there is something odd in asking her to marry me. I haven't asked her yet. It was working up the courage to ask her that had me on the run for a while. But no longer.

At 23 years, I've been a newspaperman on a middling size New England daily for a year and a half. In 1948, I'll make about $3,100. That will be somewhere near bare subsistence levels on the statistical sheets. I'll go above $3,000 this year because I'll be going into my third year of newswork. And the Newspaper Guild scales on my paper give you a big boost between second and third years. After four years I'll be making $4,000 and more if I stay here.

But what I'm making now, what I can be sure of as minimum earnings in the future, these are not why I'm going to ask her to marry me. Earnings and stretching them to cover essentials, and the always real threat that earnings never will cover even essentials—these were not factors which led me to the decision.

I thought about earnings. I thought about money and

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what it can buy—and what it can't buy, what small wages can't possibly buy, shouldn't dare to try to buy. I thought about these things, of course. This isn't recklessness; nor is it something I came upon in the heady flight of love. In point of fact, I'm a rather gimlet-eyed realist. So it took some time to give up wrestling with the demons, to give up scourging myself with dread of insecurity, to put the money factor partly aside in these days when there seems no other mark by which merit, worth, happiness contentment, can be measured.

It comes down to asking her to marry me despite a great many doubts, I suppose. Perhaps this seems pointless? What if she says "no"? Why all the explanations before she commits herself?

Because, even if she says "no," I figure I've gone a long way toward defeating youthful despair, toward threading my way through the treacherous needlings of money-need, love-need, hope-need, comfort and well-being-need, toward some basic sanity that will stand by me even if I don't have Helen. "Today I am a man" might be the theme. Today, at least, I can foresee some part of personal peace. She will be grateful for that, for being a prime mover in that, even if she will not have me.

We have different backgrounds, partly; and partly, similar backgrounds. That equation can be as much a nuisance as aid, it seems. She lives in a Boston suburb, in her father's worn but well-furnished home. She has a rakish brother and a loving mother; her father has his own small business, prospers and lives close to his pocketbook. She teaches school, buys good clothes at long intervals in the better shops. She graduated from a Catholic woman's college, but is not pious—is, in fact mightily bored by the League of Catholic Women, and would just as soon not live at home any longer than she can help it.

I am not a Bostonian, not even an Irish Bostonian. I grew up in this middle-sized New England city where I'm working on the home-town newspaper. My father died when I was 13; my mother, like Helen, is a school marm. I went to a Jesuit college in Central Massachusetts, worked on the campus as a waiter, as a postal clerk. I edited the college paper and the college magazine. My classmates elected me most witty, most urbane and best author. I spent a year studying with a missionary order in Maryland, a year in law school, and a year at Harvard graduate school before I went on the home-town paper. You might say our backgrounds were similar—or you might not.

You might say I'm foolhardy to want to marry her now. These are hard times, despite high employment levels; costs are way up, wages lag; it costs a thousand dollars to have a baby, and as young Catholics—or just young humans—we'll be having babies. Three thousand a year this year? Why, it's mad to think of marriage! It's mad to think of anything permanent in these unsettled times. Why, I'll bet you a bottle of rum we'll be at war with Russia by the end of the year!

Yet, I've decided to ask her. Ask for her hand. "Marry me, Helen? I love you; I need you." Come live in a small apartment which costs $70 a month in this middle-sized city. Come buy groceries for astronomical prices. Come wonder how you'll entertain friends once in a while on $70 a week. Come have children and raise them in a closet because there is no room for a playpen, only room for beds and chairs and tables and stoves and sinks.

Come live with me now. Now we will start with our small beginnings. In a few years, maybe next year, there will be another city, another job; perhaps a better job and a larger city. Larger wages but larger costs. Come live with me, Helen: but remember, it will be a battle now and it will always be a battle.

No relatives to leave us ten thousand or fifty thousand, Helen. No great, expected bonanza for us when Uncle Frank dies. There'll be a lot of make-do: make the suit do another year, make the coat do two more years, turn the shirt collars, cut down on cigarettes, work and go to Mass on Sundays and live for each other mostly. But live without piercing, harrowing fear. Live without cringing. Live without whining about wages and profits and dirty capitalists and the injustice of it all.

That's the way it will be. I'll ask Helen to marry me. And that won't be foolhardy or rash. Not in these times or any times. Because people go on living, even on $2,446.52 a year, when it takes $3,000 to get by. Or on $3,000 when it takes $4,000 to get along. It is not rash, it is not the fool's way. It is always the way with young people. It is God's way for men. Somehow, His light is obvious. Somehow, the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures are voodoo rattlings in the outer darkness.

The Stage & Screen

Power Without Glory

THE MESSRS. Wilson and Shubert are displaying a fairly fascinating importation from England at the Booth. I think it is fascinating for a number of reasons: it is wonderfully well acted, and it is very, very perplexing. Michael Hutton, the author, has chosen to examine the operations of melodrama in a plainly realistic setting. The consequences of a murder are followed through in the living quarters behind a small family London shop. The time is the present. The psychotic younger son of the family has inadvertently killed a girl; his brother, recently released from the army and suffering from profound spiritual unrest, together with the mischance of having lost his fiancée to this same spoiled younger brother, attempts to take the crime upon himself; and the situation is finally resolved by the strength, intelligence and understanding of the nagging mother of the house, who, abiding by the side of the law and all order, accomplishes the final, quite moving curtain. A father, a younger sister, a grotesque old aunt and the fiancée herself—all severally round characters—contribute to the interest.

Where the piece bogs somewhat will be in Mr. Hut-

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ton's mismanagement of his hero. The significance of his title is paramount, but pretty buried. He has instilled in the brother of the piece a very subtle, psychological apprehension of power, and the best way I can define this will be to say that the boy connects all his identity with the idea of power. However, throughout the play he has only two short scenes and one amazing entrance. Beyond this, he is in no way the hero: during all of the body of the piece he is absent; none of the provocative, suspended, exciting doings are his. And, as he is a quiet, simply unhappy, man, it is obvious that his single drama cannot overcome the melodrama of the rest. Nevertheless I feel it is right to say that this character is the play. I wish Mr. Hutton could have wrought him more clearly and effectively, but as the play stands, I do honestly think it is one of the most important theatre examples of the confusion of forms—in other words, the living confusions —of our particular decade. Its very faults seem to me evidence of that saving irony which must at present connect art to our working days.

When I say the business is wonderfully acted, I need only record that a tired, frozen, second-night audience gave the seven players at least twelve curtain calls. All are excellent, and since I have to choose, I will enmerate Marjorie Rhodes's true Mother; Trevor Ward's incredibly skinny, exhausted Father; Hilary Liddell's fine, understanding crucial Girl. Not the least of the merits will be that no one has fiddled the pace of the work; it is slow steadfast, wholly English, I thought. In conclusion, I want only to say that I think this is fine, thoughtful producing, and surely worth thoughtful tickets. (*at the Booth*)

Strange Bedfellows

A ROUTINE farce by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements adds up to a light evening, I think, and some fun. The authors are toiling with Suffragism in the year 1896 as seen from the mansion of that year's California Senator in San Francisco. I have, of course, a serious interest in all California Senators, and a serious interest in the second harbor city, and I do not imagine it will go down as chauvinism to say that a serious play is still wanting on this double American theme. But in the meantime the authors are dishing quite fair, jovial theatre, and are ably supported by Joan Tetzel, John Archer, Carl Benton Reid, and a number of further real players. I think the business descends into a kind of measly vulgarity in the last act, but it is mainly funny and unquestionably a sure bet for any visiting buyer to whom you may owe courtesy and a good, trivial, time. (*at the Morosco*)

Make Mine Manhattan

IT SEEMS to me there are two chief elements which make this middle-size revue a large-size success. The first will be Arnold Horwitt's lyrics; and the second Hassard Short's handling of the physical end. Very often I have felt Mr. Short to have been mistaken in his scrupulous application of the kind of color-scheme first adumbrated by Gordon Craig. Dealing always in two—at the most—colors, he has very often confused us with artifice at the expense of life, and delivered a number of all-pink, or all-blue, people and traps in a manner to argue with anybody's glasses. Here however, both he and Frederick Fox, his designer, have represented this "island of children" with vision as well as fidelity. Here are the East River Drive, the Bridges, Columbus's Circle, the Park, and the Side-Streets, all with the right seasoned light, the right seasoned citizens. And matching this prospect, Mr. Horwitt supplies the words. I feel it's such awfully good, smart considered stuff, one ought to say, "Make mine Short-Horwitt!" from now on.

For the works the business is not too big, and not any way compulsive. I especially liked David Burns in everything: a wholly silly U.N. skit; an uproarious Drama Critics criticism; and that large moment when he is submerged in real water at the cost of an all-purpose pen. Mr. Burns has the true clown weapon: he wins from his audience. One feels however much he may have prepared for us in the way of lines, study, anxiousness, and knowledge, he is always still waiting and can flare or fumble according to our mood. An actor, in short. I don't think the same can be said for Sid Caesar, a number of whose sketches are good but static. Mr. Caesar is all written out, determined beforehand. And I think it is significant that he is at his best in combo with all of the other brighty's the show displays rather than in the large planned numbers he has been generously conceded. Aside from these stars (only one promoted), there are other sheer doings: a sophisticated dumb-show based on an Alger theme; an hilarious number called "Traftz," rendered perfectly by Joshua Shelley; an apposite, sure parody of the historic "Allegro"; good dancers, good singers, and good editing of our town. I think I want only to add that it's at the Broadhurst and I've got an idea that writing for seats will somehow be smarter, and less freezing, than standing round the block in this rich American winter. (*at the Broadhurst*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Can Spring Be Far Behind?

WINTER has rushed in, and so have a lot of new films; but none of them are as impressive as the weather. However, for the record, here are a few notes on the latest screen arrivals. *"The Voice of the Turtle"* is based on the van Druten play that had that darling set: a three-room apartment *and* running water. Perhaps we're more used to seeing three rooms and running water in the movies, so somehow the screenplay, which was also written by John van Druten, seems rather shallow. Eleanor Parker, imitating Margaret Sullavan, who originated the rôle on the stage, and Ronald Reagan, as the handsome sergeant, banter cute lines back and forth until they finally decide that marriage is for them. The women in the audience seemed to enjoy all this very much; at least there was a great deal of nervous laughter. I kept feeling that perhaps I was missing the point; but I'm afraid there was no point; and the artificial situations never became very amusing for me. Even the presence of Eve Arden and Kent Smith didn't brighten things much. There is this to be said in favor of the movie: it doesn't work as hard as the play did to make its dubious morals seem attractive.

"The Senator Was Indiscreet" illustrates well what I am always saying about movies that lack cinema values.

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It is a brilliant satire written by Charles MacArthur produced by Nunnally Johnson and directed by George S. Kaufman. From time to time it uses techniques that are straight cinema, but most of this film is talk, talk, talk. And while some of this dialogue is clever, the visuals that accompany it are pretty static and would get nowhere without the sound track. William Powell gives an excellent performance as a sort of a Boob McNutt senator who tries to force his party to run him for President. He almost gets away with it until—well, I shouldn't tell you the story, for there's so little of it. Peter Lind Hayes, Ella Raines and several other actors in this large cast contribute some deft characterizations; and the burlesque of politicians provides plenty of laughs. You may very well enjoy this movie even though it has little to offer as outstanding cinema.

"Secret Beyond the Door" is one of the biggest movie disappointments of the new year. Made by Walter Wanger, produced and directed by Fritz Lang with a cast that includes Michael Redgrave, Joan Bennett, Anne Revere and Barbara O'Neil, this film gave promise of being something good. But it turns out to be a pretentious thriller with as many unintended laughs as scary situations. Redgrave, acting just a little too batty, portrays an architect who collects rooms—rooms in which murders were committed. For some reason not too well clarified, Miss Bennett marries this handsome psychopath while on a visit in Mexico. She goes to his house near New York City, soon realizes that all is not well here, and then discovers the secret beyond the door. I suspect what is mainly wrong with this picture is its script, written by Sylvia Richards from a story by Rufus King. Very early in the excitement, when Redgrave tells Bennett that she has in her face the hush before a storm and she replies that she thought of daffodils when she saw his face, I realized that we were in for something. I should think that Mr. Lang, who is a very fine director, might have realized that something was wrong too—and not only with the mind of the architect. Lang must be credited, however, with succeeding in frightening us very effectively several times in spite of the nonsense.

"I Walk Alone" is so much like so many other movies in which these actors have appeared that you'll probably think you've seen it before. Burt Lancaster returns after 14 years in prison to find that Kirk Douglas, his partner for whom he took the rap, doesn't want to share the profits on the nightclub which Kirk ran during Burt's absence. In no time Burt outsmarts Kirk and even takes his girl, Lizbeth Scott, who isn't too particular about her preference in rats. The only really amusing point in this Hal Wallis production is the discussion of the ownership of a nightclub. It seems that, what with interlocking directorates and such, no one really knows who does own a business of this sort. If by any chance you're in the market for a nightclub, you better see this picture. I can't think of any other reason for bothering about it.

"The Exile" is rather slow in getting started, but once this story, about England's Charles II in Holland, begins to roll, it moves along quickly and provides enough excitement to keep you interested in its chase situation. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who produced and wrote the script, also plays the lead and makes Charles quite an affable, athletic fellow who finally escapes the women (Maria Montez, Paule Croset) who are attracted to him and the men who want to kill him. The Roundheads, of course, haven't a chance, but the girls come closer to capturing this dashing cavalier. Perhaps a certain respect for history kept the story from ending in the usual clinch.

I can't decide what inspired M-G-M to remake *"If Winter Comes."* Perhaps they needed a vehicle for Walter Pidgeon, perhaps they thought A. S. M. Hutchinson's dated story would again bring forth the tears it won some twenty years ago. In any case, there it is: the sad story of Mark Sabre against whom the cards are stacked as cards have been seldom stacked against any such a likable character. The time has been moved up to the recent war, but the whimsy and contrived story are just as obvious as they were in the old days. Although Pidgeon tries hard, and so do the attractive actresses with him (Angela Lansbury as his mean wife, Deborah Kerr as the married woman who loves him, Janet Leigh as the young girl for whose coming baby Mark is blamed) they just cannot lift this film above the soap-opera class. When the stacked cards come tumbling down in the climax you see them for what they are: just cards. This is the story, in case you've forgotten, in which the two Jinks girls who work at the Sabre house are known as "High Jinks" and "Low Jinks." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Things Are Clearer and Hotter

HENRY WALLACE is by no means the clearest thinker in the world, but in spite of himself he is clarifying issues all over the place, and nowhere more effectively than in the labor movement. People are choosing up sides, taking off gloves, taking off masks, baring their teeth and swinging from the floor.

Nowhere is this more true than within the CIO, where the Communist Party has at last told its henchmen to open fire on President Phil Murray. For years Murray has been the one man who could kick them repeatedly in the pants without receiving a single kick in return.

In a column in the *Daily Worker* for January 12, George Morris, head of that paper's labor desk, wrote: "From what I know of Wallace supporters in CIO ranks, it is a foregone conclusion that they will not obey Murray's injunction." Murray's injunction, in a wire to all CIO affiliates, was to the effect that they should not endorse "any party or candidate" before the national CIO-PAC meeting on January 23. He said that any such support would be "contrary to the action taken by the Boston convention," which had unanimously voted to back the political line laid down by PAC. Of course it is also "a foregone conclusion" that PAC will frown heavily on Mr. Wallace.

Morris wrote that this wire was "the most amazing step infringing upon the elementary constitutional rights of a citizen that has yet been tried in either the CIO or AFL." He also pointed out that Murray had not for-

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bidden CIO affiliates to denounce "any party or candidate." In which he had a point.

The next day Ferdinand Smith, Stalinist secretary of the National Maritime Union, blasted Murray and blessed Wallace, and then an official of Bridge's longshoremen did the same. The war is most definitely on.

This war has already produced some interesting sidelights. One of these is the ideological struggle that is getting under way over the question of Murray's Industry Council Plan. The CIO president first introduced this plan back in November, 1941, even before Pearl Harbor, at the Detroit convention of that organization. It was a plan which Murray himself described at an ACTU Communion Breakfast as being inspired at least partially by the "vocational group" ideas outlined by Pius XI in *"Quadragesimo Anno."* The gist of it was that each industry should have a council composed of representatives of management, labor and government which would tackle the particular problems of that industry. It is an idea that has been denounced by leaders of the auto industry, for example, as "socialism" because it is based on the obviously subversive principle that workingmen have as much of a stake as employers, if not more, in the continued prosperity of an industry and therefore they should have a prominent voice in the over-all management of that industry.

November, 1941, was before the American Pearl Harbor, but it was after the Russian Pearl Harbor, so that it was not too surprising when Harry Bridges got up at the Detroit convention and praised Murray's Plan as a big thing. The Party boys fell in line and the plan went through by a unanimous vote. Since Russia needed production, anything that helped production was Party line, and it was the Party's sensible conclusion that industry councils, like labor-management committees and other forms of class collaboration, were good for production.

A few months later William Z. Foster, present chairman of the CP, wrote a pamphlet called "Labor and the War" in which he said: "The Murray Plan of industry-labor-government councils in the various industries offers a practical means to accomplish the indispensable end of speeding up production by giving labor a real voice in war industry."

At any rate the CP delegates to CIO conventions since '41, including that in Boston last October, have faithfully voted for the Industry Council Plan whenever it came up, which was just about every year. It was therefore a bit of shock to see the *Daily Worker,* in another column by George Morris on January 8, blast the Plan as "fascism" and an American application of "Mussolini's and Franco's 'corporate state.'"

It was not quite as shocking as that, actually, because Morris did not label it as the "CIO Industry Council Plan," but as "the ACTU Industry Council Plan." The CP is furious these days at the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) because they have persuaded themselves—quite inaccurately—that the ACTU is mainly responsible for some of their most crushing defeats in the labor movement. Nevertheless, it is hard to believe that Morris doesn't know that the ACTU plan is the same plan as that repeatedly endorsed by the CIO. The ACTU has certainly made it clear.

There are therefore only two other conclusions. Either Morris thought he could get away with a sneak play, or the Party has decided to adopt a new line more in harmony with their current class war-cries, and this involves excising the class collaborationism from CIO policy. By picking out the ACTU as the first military objective the Party would kill two birds with one slander: namely, to smear a dangerous enemy and at the same time lay down an opening barrage for the main assault on the national CIO and Phil Murray. In the light of what has been happening lately this last would seem to be the most likely answer.

All of which is probably a good thing. The fight against the C.P.'s in the CIO has been too much on a strictly organizational plane. Now it moves onto the plane of ideas and policy, where it belongs. Perhaps this development will clarify some more issues before it is completed.

JOHN C. CORT.

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We Irish

We Irish, born into that ancient sect,
But cast upon this filthy modern tide
And in its formless, spawning fury wrecked. . . .

THESE WORDS from one of Yeats's last poems might well be printed on the title page of every Irish-American novel. Certainly Mary Deasy could have used them as the epigraph for her first novel, "The Hour of Spring"* instead of the quotation she has chosen from Hallam Tennyson's translation of the "Iliad." One theme—though not the only one—of this moving and beautifully written new book is the inability of many Irish-Americans, especially second-generation ones, to adapt themselves to modern urban life. As one of her characters says to another:

> "You're far enough away from the old things to have them seem like a legend to you—the cottages, the red petticoats, the "God save you kindly's" and the Holy Virgins looking down in cheap prints from the limewashed walls. And for the generation before mine they were still sharp reality, something that was the hard ground they walked on while they spun their dreams in a new strange world. It's my generation that's betwixt and between, that's lost the old values and the old loyalties without being able to lose the remembrance of them too. We're your lost generation, if you like—the half-satisfied, the drifters, the rebels, torn between the old narrow loyalties and the new life inside us, trying to make the world over after an impossible pattern, reconciling the old and the new."

At least five of Miss Deasy's second-generation characters are wholly or partially destroyed by this conflict between the old and the new within themselves. It is significant, I think, that only one of these is a woman. Irishwomen, generally speaking, adapted themselves to the new country and the new life much more quickly than did their husbands and brothers. There is a deep sociological truth behind the rather *passé* humors of "Bringing Up Father," in which the wife Maggie is the social climber, while poor old Irish Jiggs hungers atavistically for the corned beef and cabbage—and all the Irish ambience that goes with it—down at Dinty Moore's. This comic strip probably had a much more obviously Irish flavor in its early years than it has now.

It will be worth while to compare and contrast "The Hour of Spring" with that other Irish-American classic, James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan." Studs, like Mary Deasy's disoriented characters, is the victim of his birth into the second generation. Without being aware of it, he has lost his Irish heritage, and hungers obscurely for something to fill its place. At that point the comparison between Farrell and Miss Deasy ends. Farrell—and this is what links him most closely to the French Naturalists—blames the downfall of Studs mainly on environment. Studs is fundamentally not a bad fellow, but he has to have some more positive virtue than this if he is to overcome the handicap imposed by his being born into Chicago's South Side—or so Farrell maintains.

Miss Deasy, on the other hand, is much more concerned with Heredity. When some of her characters "go wrong," no criticism of the American environment is implied on her part. It is simply that their Irish heredity and tradition have reasserted themselves in an inappropriate context. The causes of this different attitude are surely not hard to find; Miss Deasy, I am prepared to bet, was born into a much more comfortable home and securer social position than Mr. Farrell. The reader of "The Hour of Spring" will look in vain for any picture of the bitter struggle with their new environment that so many Irish had to engage in before establishing their position in this country. In general, the troubles Miss Deasy's characters have to face are not a product of any particular social system, but rather of certain permanent features of the human condition. Death and love are the two great hazards. The author herself has said that "The Hour of Spring" is "above everything a story of *people*," and she keeps her people continually in focus. Farrell's lens, however, must continuously stray away from his characters to some background shot —some candid study of their physical environment.

One remarkable thing about Miss Deasy's drama is this—it offers almost no walk-on parts. Her characters all either belong to some generation of the Joyce family, or are closely connected with it by marriage, and each one of them is presented with equal care and penetration. Virtually no one else appears at all, so that you have the astonishing phenomenon of a novel made up entirely of "main" characters. Farrell's method, of course, won't allow of such concentration—he must present the human environment as well as the purely physical one and so his book is cluttered with a number of names which never become attached to real characters. A tree, a park bench, an elevated railroad, become more important than many of the alleged "characters" he has had to think up names for. His method, of course, has great virtues as well as defeats. It is to him we must go for a picture of that "struggle" I have referred to, which Mary Deasy leaves entirely out of account.

Having chosen to lay stress on heredity rather than environment, Mary Deasy has evolved a masterly technique for presenting her case. Bride Joyce, about to bear her first child by the shores of the Pacific, ponders on the blood that will run in his veins, and tries to piece together all she knows of his Irish heredity since the day in 1870 when the first Joyce left the Kerry shore of another ocean to come to the American Middle West. The sea that these early Joyces were destined never to behold again becomes for her a symbol of all that is wild and uncontrollable in their inheritance of blood. Bride remembers three conversations she has had with three very different people on the subject of the Joyces, and she moves back and forth from one to another setting the different parts of the three narratives in chronological order.

The author lavishes her greatest love and care upon the narrative of Staffy Brady, Bride's grandfather's cousin and the only survivor of his generation. He remembers the old country only vaguely, but has the good fortune to preserve intact an Irish dialect that is the purest Synge. Of course Staffy is more eloquent and humorous than any Irishman who ever lived, but one must give his creator full credit for the authenticity of this dialect in

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* The Hour of Spring. Mary Deasy. Little. $3.00.

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all but its most extravagant Syngean flights. When Staffy says, "Here is a fine decent rathskeller, and in the name of God let us be going inside," I personally feel the mist that does be on Third Avenue getting a little too thick for my taste. Yet Mary Deasy's use of dialect abundantly justifies itself; without it she could never have built up such a unified picture of the first generation's way of life.

Finally, in the most nostalgic scene of all, Bride herself rounds off the family chronicle with her own reminiscences of her grandfather's funeral, which took place when she was twelve. Old Timothy was the last surviving Joyce to have been born in Ireland, and with his death the last conscious link with the old country is broken. But every child born to his descendants will be an unconscious link in the mysterious chain of heredity:

> ". . . your only memorial. What's bronze or marble to flesh and blood that can perpetuate patterns of length of limb, cut of eye, passions, longings, world without end, so that we can never grow strangers to the earth we knew and the sea we loved?"

The restrictions on immigration imposed by the quota system will eventually put an end to Irish-American literature—and to all hyphenated American literature—as such. But in the meanwhile, since a tradition becomes most precious when people grow aware that it is dying, we may expect a number of more or less nostalgic family chronicles on the lines of "The Hour of Spring." It wouldn't at all surprise me if Mary Deasy's remained the best of them, but her future books are hardly likely to continue this genre. I think it would be a great mistake if they did. She has great skill in construction, and a gift for creating characters that the reader not only believes in, but positively gets to know. Now that she has made this gesture of piety towards her Irish past, she ought to feel free to follow her talent wherever it leads. Her subject matter is the individual or the family group, and neither *has* to be Irish.

Farrell's case is different; I have not yet read his later books, but his subject matter is clearly something wider than an individual or a family—it is an entire racial group. He can easily devote a lifetime to his self-imposed task of becoming its definitive historian, on the model of Balzac. But if Mary Deasy is ever regarded as a social historian it will be in the sense that Jane Austen is regarded as such. It would not be fair to her at this point to develop that last comparison any further. I do feel, however, that we are witnessing the *début* of a considerable novelist.

VIVIAN MERCIER.

More Books

The Calculated Risk. Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Macmillan. $1.50.

EVEN THE cynic must be convinced by this time—thanks in part to the publicity attendant upon the Reorganization Bill—that the average Congressman or Senator is overworked to the detriment of his own health, and, more serious than that, of course, to the detriment of political statesmanship. The Reorganization Bill was a step in the right direction, but actually it only scratched the surface of a staggering problem,

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which, theoretically, ought to give pause to Americans and strengthen their wills against the contagious temptation to run for congressional office. But man is by nature a political animal in more senses of the word, presumably, than Aristotle intended to connote in his famous definition of the genus.

Well, anyhow Congressmen and Senators are too busy for their own good and for yours and mine as well. Which leads to the suggestion that since our legislators in Washington will probably have time during the present session of the Congress to read only one book on foreign policy, they ought to read "The Calculated Risk." Pages: xii and 68. Reading time: a leisurely 60-90 minutes.

Mr. Armstrong, the distinguished editor of *Foreign Affairs,* asks five questions upon the answers to which may depend whether or not American Congressmen and Senators will have anything at all to occupy their time a hundred years from now; whether or not, in other words, there will be such an institution as the Congress of the United States in 2048.

1.) Can Europe be saved? Mr. Armstrong thinks that it can. Because, "it is a fact that the present currency for winning esteem is mainly material, the advantage lies with us to the extent we choose to exercise it." ("The Soviet Government's inability to supply its own population with everyday necessities and conveniences," he points out rather trenchantly, "is so great that anywhere else the communists would present it as a reason for a revolution.")

2.) Must we help? We must—by supporting the Marshall Plan enthusiastically and without assuming "the haughty rôle of the grand almoner who is infallible about everything." If only to keep from tumbling into the pitfall which communist propaganda (with the help of some anti-communists in the United States) is already preparing for us, "we shall have to avoid seeming to make our program of help contingent on Europe's repudiation and avoidance of many things that are not in the book of American capitalism (though not so strictly outside American practice in times of crisis as those who write the books sometimes believe)." Congressmen X Y, and Z, please copy! The *Wall Street Journal,* ditto!

When one recalls that Secretary Marshall's widely-heralded address to the Boston convention of the CIO last November marked the first appearance of a Secretary of State at an American labor convention, Mr. Armstrong's advice to our diplomats takes on added significance: "Our diplomatic representatives should visit factories at least as often as they dedicate monuments, should get to know labor leaders and intellectuals more intimately, and should speak more about our free schools and universities, our research institutions and hospitals, our minimum wage for workers, our old age and sickness (?) insurance, our restrictions on monopolies and cartels." Perhaps, incidentally, our busy Congressmen and Senators ought to provide our harassed diplomats with a little more ammunition. They haven't done very much since 1938, when you come right down to it, to make our statute books look any more attractive to the working class of Europe, not to mention the working class of the good old USA.

Finally, Armstrong argues, the monies needed for the Marshall Plan ought to be appropriated all at once for the full four years, (a) to counteract the Moscow Radio which says, not without a plethora of chapters and verses from which to cite, that Americans are a fickle and an unreliable people and that they may be expected, therefore, to walk out unexpectedly on a semi-revivified Europe; and (b) to forestall the dreadful prospect of having to go through the same Congressional debate, on matters of principle as well as procedure, every January or February for the next four years. Too late Mr. Armstrong, but your arguments seem to make a lot of sense.

3.) Can UN be made to work?

4.) Is now the time to act?

Mr. Armstrong's answer to both questions is in the affirmative. UN can be made to work, in spite of the veto, by advancing in the direction which has already been charted, as it were in desperation, by the establishment of the so-called Little Assembly. Armstrong suggests that the President and Secretary of State, after calculating all the risks, "might propose that a group of United Nations members enter into a brief supplementary agreement—a sort of protocol, or 'optional clause,' open to all—binding themselves to carry out the Charter obligation to resist armed attack. This agreement would be worded so as to come into operation: 1, if two-thirds of the signatories decided that collective action was called for under the Charter; and 2, if the Security Council failed to act." This is the so-called "Armstrong Plan" which Senator Vandenberg has already tentatively approved and the *Washington Post* has seconded editorially.

5.) What are the calculated risks? There are several, not the least of which is the certainty that Moscow would interpret such a protocol as an unfriendly gesture directed exclusively against the Soviet Union. So be it, says Mr. Armstrong as he faces up to this and other possible risks. Much as we should regret to antagonize the Soviet Union, have we any choice but to try immediately to strengthen UN and to save it from the cancerous effects of the veto provision? Whether we like it or not, there is a constant risk of war in the world today due in part perhaps to the blindness of the Russians, who almost seem to be counting, as they dream of further expansion, on the physical and psychological fatigue of the British and on economic and social disintegration in the United States. "One advantage of the protocol," says Armstrong, "is that it provides an alternative to force and as such would gain time; this may indeed be its chief attraction, if there is virtue in the theory that even though the Soviet régime may not 'mellow' with age . . . it may at least lose through long frustration its hope of acquiring control of the world by force."

Mr. Armstrong's proposal isn't the only solution to the problem of the veto. There are at least three alternatives: 1, to persuade the five great powers not to use the veto or, at least, not to use it except when their most vital interests are at stake; 2 to abolish the veto, period; 3, to set up a world government without veto. The Armstrong Plan seems to have this much in its favor, that the alternatives, whatever their intrinsic merits, are almost certainly impossible of achievement as of the present moment. And there is something to be said for the theory that time is of the essence.

The busy Congressman or Senator needs more time; he needs more trained assistants; he needs our prayers, perhaps as American legislators have never needed prayers before. But he also needs more books like "The Calculated Risk." All of us do. GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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The Stature of Thomas Mann. Essays by various hands. Edited by Charles Neider. New Directions. $5.00.

IT HAS BEEN said of Tolstoy that he could not reread the story of Joseph and His Brethren as set down in the Bible without shedding tears. It may be perhaps said, with equal truth, that no reader has pored over the many-tomed version by Thomas Mann on the same theme and shed a single tear. It was a countryman of Mann's, no less than Nietzsche himself, who said that a poet was one who dipped into a clear pool and muddied it. And another fellow-countryman, the great Goethe, shrewdly affirmed that when a great man made a mistake it was usually no small one.

All of which tends to confirm the fact that Thomas Mann is a great man, and his greatness is confirmed by his mistake, his version of the Joseph story, truly *kolossal,* whether considered as conception or as sheer bulk. The author is a very sincere man, yet the work, without intention on his part, seems to have been singularly designed for readers with a *penchant* for groping for hidden meanings, due to its symbolical nature and its Freudian coloration. How profound is the discrepancy between various interpretations may be judged by the fact that Julius Bab, a German critic, in his contribution to this volume of criticism and tribute proclaims the Joseph series to be, among the numerous publications by German émigrés the first "great imaginative work that eschews any direct reference to the events of our time," while B. Suchkov, a Soviet critic, no less emphatically pronounces it "an anti-fascist novel."

Mann's most authentic achievements came at a period when he called himself "a non-political man." They include "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain" and a number of short stories. Several contributors to this volume have chosen for special mention among the latter "Death In Venice," though this writer would give preeminence to "Mario the Magician," a subtle take-off on Mussolini, published in 1931, a work definitely of Mann's political period.

Time alone can decide the stature of Thomas Mann. In the meantime, the contributions to this volume, written through the years by such distinguished contemporaries as Hermann Kesten, Bruno Frank, Lewis Mumford, Conrad Aiken, André Gide, Stefan Zweig, Reinhold Niebuhr, Joseph Warren Beach, Lion Feuchtwanger, and numerous other well-known critics and novelists, testify to the fact that the Mann pedestal is in the making. The first section, called "Personal," is given wholly to intimate reminiscences, whose authors include five members of the Mann family but also such writers as Alfred Neumann, Dorothy Thompson, Bruno Walter, G. A. Borgese and Martin Gumpert. The whole is preceded by "A Toast" written by W. H. Auden in honor of Mann's seventieth birthday, unfortunately a highfallutin' piece of poetic prose, which means an awful lot or nothing. JOHN COURNOS.

Collected Poems. Sister M. Madeleva. Macmillan. $2.75.

AMID the cryptograms and obliques of much current verse, it is something of a shock, even an embarrassing shock, to read poetry which asks no heaving questions, which stands with child-like guilelessness for all to applaud or hiss. Sister Madeleva's poetry is just such an example of a positive and simple creed. It is distinctly feminine from all angles, with the alert eye for detail—the minutiae of nature and an all encompassing worship of God.

The poet is a medievalist not only in her choice of symbols, but in the tender passion of her religious faith. There is not the intense adoration of the twelfth century saints, but Sister Madeleva's uncluttered emotion is not superficial. This all-feminine quality tends too much to itemize her feelings where the wholehearted passion of Mechthild of Magdeburg, for example, is on a far broader, more universal plain.

There is a nursery rhyme cadence to Sister Madeleva's verse, the simple, often haunting lilt of medieval carols:

> Yes, I shall take this quiet house and keep it
> With kindled hearth and candle-lighted board,
> In singing silence garnish it and sweep it
> For Christ, my Lord.
>
> My heart is filled with little songs to sing Him—
> I dream them into words with careful art—
> But this I think a better gift to bring Him
> Nearer His Heart.

Yes, Sister Madeleva sings "little songs," and to the modern agnostic they will seem old-fashioned and sentimental. Such religious verse is suspect, for it so frequently overflows into an uncontrolled and awkwardly burning Trinity. Then, too, this poet is one of the pure in heart, and that unexpected (in most poets) attribute does not often tend to good verse; the reader is apt to find himself sitting in a pool of syrup; the small scale and minor mode often grows tiring and nauseatingly whimsical. Sister Madeleva's poems do not entirely avoid these faults, but the sincerity of her Christian directness and her genuine music cannot be questioned.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

The Maccabees. Elias Bickerman. Schocken Library No. 16. *Schocken.* $1.50.
Parables. Franz Kafka. Schocken Library No. 17. *Schocken.* $1.50.
Ten Rungs: Hasidic Sayings. Martin Buber. Schocken Library No. 18. *Schocken.* $1.50.

THE SCHOCKEN library books are, even physically, much the most attractive volumes being produced at their price and size, anywhere today. And, quite absurdly, they are as good as they are beautiful. Dr. Bickerman's quiet, exciting and scholarly study of the Maccabees is excellently done: only one wishes the two books of the Maccabees themselves had been included, perhaps in a modern translation. For, since they were thrown out of the Scriptures by the first Protestants because of their affirmation of the existence of Purgatory, and of the value of prayers for the dead, and relegated to "the Apocrypha," few people except Papists read them.

The Kafka Parables are almost too terrible to bear: luckily one can read a snippet, and then come up for air, and take a deep breath before diving again. Clement Greenberg's translations are particularly good.

"Ten Rungs" ("for there is no rung of being on which we cannot find the holiness of God everywhere and at all times") is a selection of Hasidic sayings collected by Martin Buber. They are admirable, a good introduction alike to Hasidic literature and to Martin Buber: it is very much to be hoped that Schocken will go on now and

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Next Week

APPREHENSIONS, II, by Dorothy Thompson, concludes her searching speculations as the European War drew to a close three years ago. "It turns out that we are fighting, not for a proud and great Anglo-American culture, which gave the world Shakespeare, Burke, Locke, Hume, Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln, William James, Arnold Toynbee, puritanism, self-government through self-discipline and self-control, more than its share of pure science, and historical analysis, habeas corpus and civil liberty, along with a peculiarly ruthless and predatory capitalism—no, not for these but for sixty million jobs, as the price and reward of several million other men's lives—the lives which didn't survive for the jobs, and were only legitimately expendable for a culture . . ."

JAPANESE REPARATIONS, by James O. Frederick, calls convincing attention to an important subject not sufficiently in the public eye. Part of the question is whether Russia should have any further share, and part of it whether a definite figure should not be set quickly so that the Japanese economy will be able to operate on the basis of that vital knowledge.

Also penetrating comment on the news headlines of the week and current books, plays and movies.

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publish his "I and Thou" and other of Dr. Buber's books. He is a great mystic and a great teacher, a sort of Jewish Albert Schweitzer but his books are dreadfully hard to come by. Let us therefore hope many, many people like "Ten Rungs" and clamor for more.

A. F.

The Love of God and the Cross of Jesus. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange. Herder. $4.00.

THE MAIN thesis of the latest volume by Father Garrigou-Lagrange to be published in this country is that the speculative theology of Saint Thomas and the ascetical and mystical teachings of Saint John of the Cross do not conflict but rather clarify and substantiate each other. As the great theologians and mystics do, generally. As he amply demonstrates in non-technical and eloquent terms—and with an ease and serenity that are rather overwhelming—the only real difference, as far as conclusions go, is in terminology: the scholastic manner of expression and the language of mysticism have a dissimilar sound.

Clearly the purpose of the distinctions and clarifications here is anything but academic, important as such an achievement would be. Dealing the way it does with man's relation to his Maker, and the place of the Cross in that relationship, this compelling study should serve for spiritual reading of the most fruitful sort, either in community or the silence of one's room. He adverts frequently to John of the Cross on the necessity of passive purifications of the spirit. And he contends that for a Christian, even when age is dulling his senses, slowing his reflexes, and inducing greater lethargy all round, to be standing still in the spiritual life is actually retrogressing.

His explanation of Christ's hunger for the Cross and the serenity of His Passion is highly convincing and illuminating. So too the connection Father Garrigou-Lagrange emphasizes between the indwelling of the Holy Ghost here below and our participation in the life of the Trinity once we have been taken up into Heaven. Rhetorically the last few chapters are an anti-climax, while the emphasis on daily Communion without any explicit reference to Communion as an integral part of the Holy Sacrifice may be painful to the ardent liturgist. "The Love of God and the Cross of Jesus," is in its general impact, however, one of those infrequent volumes of which it can be said: anyone who has read it is never quite the same.

E. S.

CONTRIBUTORS

Dorothy THOMPSON is the eminent columnist, lecturer and political critic.

Rev. Henri PERRIN, S. J., a young French Jesuit priest, during the war went as a volunteer in ordinary workman's clothes into Germany with the forced labor levied by Hitler on occupied France.

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